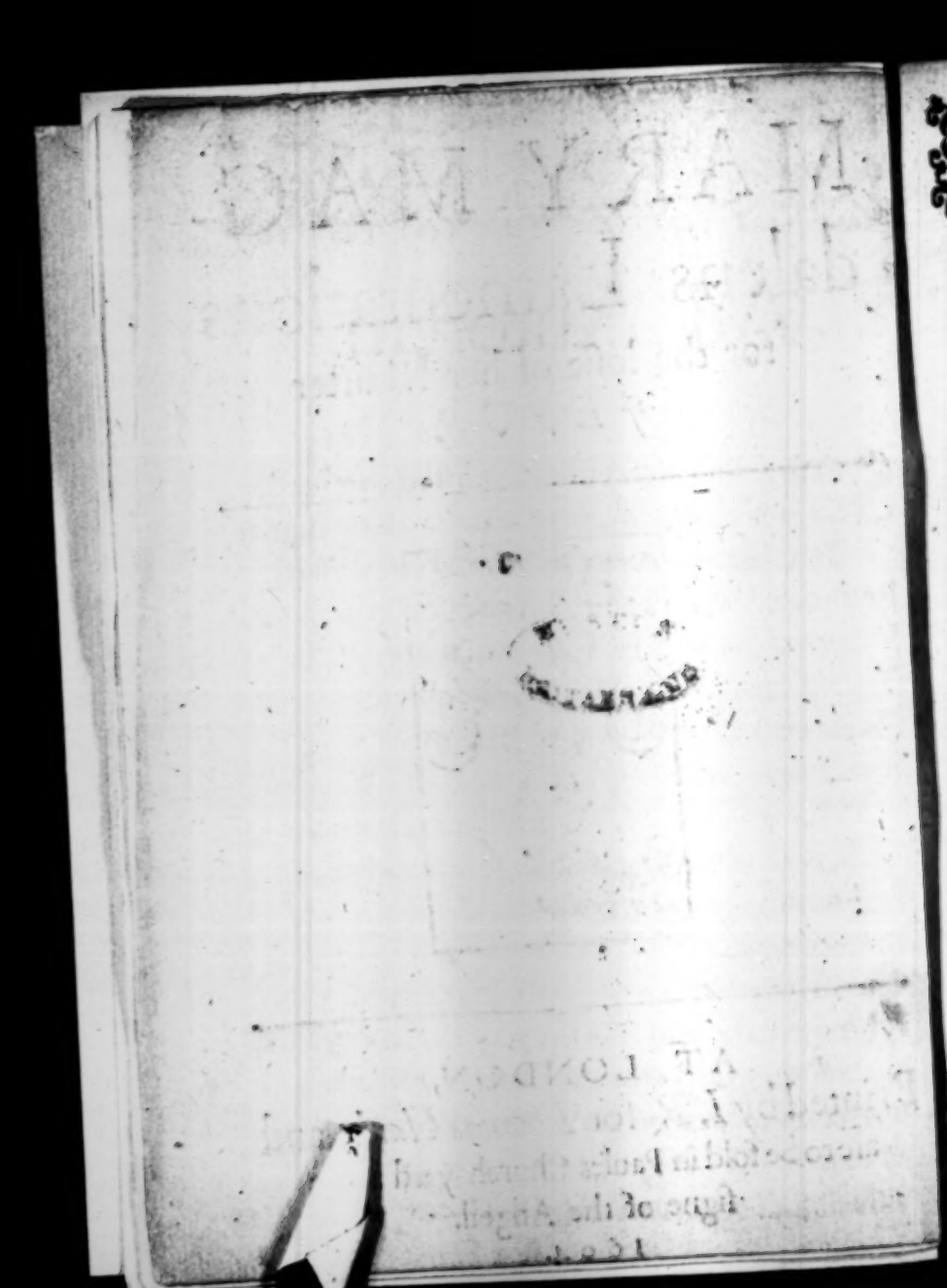
MARY MAGdalens Lamentations

for the losse of her Maister

IESVS.

AT LONDON,
Printed by *I. R.* for *Thomas Clarke*, and are to be sold in Paules Church-yard at the signe of the Angell.
1604.



Ad Autorem.

(··)

SO pearcing were the plaints of *Maries* breſt,
So loude her ſorrows of hart breaking mone,
That Mount-*Pernaſſus* hearing her diſtreſt,
Redoubled back her ſhrikes and grieuous grone,
Wherewith the ſacred Siſters all at one,
Taking remorſe of *Maries* wofull cries,
Beſides the ſiluer ſprings of *Helicon*,
Sate downe, and ſung ſeau'n mournfull Elegies:
What ere thou art, whom erſt the Deſtenies
Bleſt, with recording of theſe pittious layes,
Doe not thy gracious fortune ſo deſpiſe,
In ſeeming to abridge deſerued praiſe:
Cheriſh thy Muſe in hope of better dayes,
vvrong not thy worth in keeping cloſe thy name,
No cunning workman that his skill diſplaies
But ſeekes to let men know who did the ſame,
Mount on the wings of euer-liuing fame,
Which haſt conceited *Magdalens* complaint

Ad Autorem.

So well, that no precisian can diffame,
Or blot the honor of this blessed Saint:
And though presumptuous *Zoilists* would taint
The true deuotion of these contemplations,
T'is not their fierie zeale, in zeale too faint,
Can burne the merit of thy commendations:
For after death, when they forgotten be,
Thy verse shall bring thee immortalitie.

W. F.

Lamentations.

THE happieſt ſoule that euer was inueſted
In ſin-ſtaind skin, awakes my wo-fed Muſe
To ſing her loue (whoſe loue is now celeſted)
Sith grauer pennes ſo good a worke refuſe;
To wet the world with her ſin-waſhing teares,
Which well diſtill'd, each cloudie conſcience cleares.

Shee ſhed them once in moſt abundant wiſe,
Thinking no future ayre ſhould dry them vp
While any drop remaind in tender eyes,
Or any hart could hartie ſorrow ſup,
Or any ſoule could ſigh for ſinnes fore-paſt,
Or feare that Gods iuſt Iudgements aye did laſt.

But world worſe-waxing hath forgot her lore,
Relenting harts are adamanted ſo
They cannot grieue: dry eyes can drop no more,
And ſin-clog'd ſoules doe now ſo heedleſſe goe
They cannot ſigh (ah tis too great a payne)
With contrite minds ſuch ſore-ſweet throbs to ſtraine.

Yea ſoule confounding ſinne ſo farre hath crept,
Repentant ſighes are reckoned for toyes,
And *Maries* teares contemned long haue ſlept,
As gemmes vnpriz'd, which corrupt age deſtroyes,
Sauе that her Lord becauſe they ſtill ſhould laſt,
In fureſt caske hath them inveſted faſt.

For

For wretched ſoules (let looſe to libertie)
So wanton like are weaned to each wrong,
So lycenſed to worke impietie,
And free to fleſhly wills haue liu'd ſo long, (flow,
That thoſe freſh ſprings, whence penitent teares ſhould
Preſumption hath ſo ſtopt, that none will know.

And ſenceleſſe harts obdurate to all good,
Haue ſo perverted their prefixed end,
That now (oh griefe) their ſighes and deereſt blood
To feede fond fancie they doe vainely ſpend,
But for their ſinnes one teare for to let fall,
They haue (alas) nor eye, nor hart at all.

Each ſoule miſled can ſhape a penſiue paſſion,
Can billow forth a ſea of ceaſleſſe teares,
Can pine with griefe, and all to winne compaſſion,
Of ſome light loue, that murders what ſhe heares,
But to that bond, that loues and ſaues his friends,
No ſoule (alas) or ſighe, or teare once ſends.

Ah could they ſee what ſin from ſence hath ſhut,
How ſweet it were to ſum mon deeds miſdone,
To haue their liues in equall ballance put,
To weye each worke ere that the Iudge doe come,
Oh then their teares ſhould trickle like the raine,
And their eye-ſluices ſhould helpe to fill the Maine.

They

They would with teares send forth bitter eyes,
To get the ioyes of their soule-saving loue,
They would gush forth fresh fountaines frō their eyes,
To winne his favour, and his mercy prove,
Eyes, hart, & tongue should power, breath out & send
Tears, sighs and plaints, vntill their loue they find.

No idle howres ill spent in fond delight,
No teares distild for momentary losses,
No sighes for mising absent louers sight,
No care contriu'd of common worldly crosses
Should then be vsd, but all consum'd in this,
To begge amendement, and bewaile our misse.

Yea all too little to an humbled soule
That inly sees her ill misgouern'd life
VVould it appeare, to spend whole yeeres in dole,
Yea many ages to declare her strife,
VVould passe as Minuts, wishing time would stand,
VVhile she with feare her endlesse faults had skand.

But farre from this live sinners (too secure)
VVho giuing bridle to their selfe desires,
Cannot (alas) one scanted hower endure,
In sacred seruice: but their mind aspires
In following pleasures height, whose froward will,
In doing good, doth make them careless still.

Which ſeene with pittie on our graceleſſe mindes,
This bleſſed ſinner whoſe ſo precious teares
Once bath'd his feet, that heauen and earth imbinds,
And made a Towell of her trayling hayres,
To wipe the drops, which for her ſinnes were ſhed,
Now deignes to tell how our ſoules ſhould be fed.

And *Mary* ſhewes to Maids, and Matrons both,
How they ſhould weepe, & deck their Roſelike cheeks
With ſhowers of griefe, whereto hard harts are loth,
And who it is her matchleſſe mourning ſeekes:
And when we ought to ſend our reeking ſighes
To thicke the paſſage of the pureſt lights.

Yea, *Mary* ſhewes vs when we ought to beate
Our brazen breaſts, and let our Roabes be rent,
How proſtrating to creepe vnto the ſeate
Of that ſweet Lambe, whoſe blood for vs was ſpent,
And that we ſhould giue way vnto our woes,
When the exceſſe, no fault, or errour ſhowes.

If you will deigne vvith fauour to peruſe
Maryes memoriall of her ſad lament,
Exciting *Collon* in his grauer Muſe,
To tell the manner of her harts repent,
My gaine is great, my guerdon graunted is,
Let *Maryes* plaints plead pardon for amiſſe.

Mary

Mary Magdalens 3. *first Lamentation.*

(·.·)

At the Tombe of *Iesus.*

WHat clymate will afford a mournfull mate?
All wo-begon, that volleies out her grones?
Whose griefes doe equallize my sad growne
Whose hart poures forth a sea of helplesse mones? (state
If to my care, companion such there be,
Ile helpe her mourne, if she will mourne with me.

But sure no such associate there is,
My Muse may tell a griefe without compare,
A blacke rehearse of mesamorphosd blisse,
A sad memoriall of vntimely care.
Lugubre carmen fitteth best my vse,
In wayning state best fits a wailing Muse.

The deepest passion of true burning loue,
That euer any loue-sicke hart possest,
(Drown'd in distresse) I silly woman proue,
Whose ardent zeale is nurse of my vnrest.
But euen to death (oh hapless death) alone,
I ru'de his death, when other friends were gone.

I did behold my loues (too cruell death)
VVith these sad eyes (made red with brinish teares)
My soule did sorrow for his losse of breath,
By whose sweet life, my life was free from feares,
Oh had I dyde, when he dyde on the Crosse,
I needed no complaint to waile my losse.

But that (too sweet a fauour) I was denyde,
I might not I consort my louer dying,
My course of life doth sorrow still betyde,
VVhich moues my soule to such a ceasselesse crying,
Oh hapleſse soule, so clog'd with care, and griefe,
For losse of him that was my comfort chiefe.

My Lord is dead, to whom my soule did liue,
He dyde for me, I wretch am left aliue,
Now to the dead I lasting praise must giue,
Sith light is lost, which did my life reuiue,
And all in darknes I desire to dwell
In deaths dread shade, my saddest griefe to tell.

My *Iesus* Tombe, my Mansion is become,
My weary soule, hath there made choice to Inne,
Vppon his corse my comfort shall consume,
And ioyes shall end, where ioy did first begin,
Oh eyes, gush forth your fast distilling force,
Of Ocean teares vppon his Tombe, and corse.

Oh life-conteyning Tombe of my dead Lord,
From thee no chaunce shall hale me hence away,
Ile linger here, while breath doth life afford,
And beeing dead, my twyning armes shall stay
And cleaue vnto thee, nor aliue nor dead,
VVill I be drawne from where my Lord is layd.

Thou art the *Altar* of all mercy meeke,
The *Temple* of all truth, the *Graue* of death,
The *Sanctuary*, which lost soules doe seeke,
The *Cradle* of eternall liuing breath,
Oh sweetest heauen of my eclipsed sunne,
Receiue this silly starre, whose light is done.

Oh *VVhale*, that my deere *Ionas* swallowed hast,
Come swallow me (more meete to be thy pray)
'Twas I, not he, that should in right haue past,
This bloody tempest, I was cause I say,
Vnequall doomer, what hast thou misdone,
To rob the earth of her celestiall Sunne?

Oh *Cesterne* of my *Ioseph* innocent,
Let thy dry bottome take my prisoner,
Sith I, not he, (oh wretch most impudent)
Gaue cause that so inrag'd my brethren were,
VVhat pitchy cloudes darke our translucent way,
And on what shoare doth *Truths* sweet Preacher stay?

Aye mee accurſt, why did I not before
Thinke vpon this, vvhich now I taſte too late?
Why did I leaue him, when I had him ſure?
To rue his loſſe, and moane my ruthleſſe ſtate:
Oh had I watched, as I waile him now,
None would haue taken him without me too.

But beeing too precize to keepe the Law,
The lawes ſweet Maker I haue thereby loſt,
And bearing to his ceremonies too much awe,
I miſſe his ſweeteſt ſelfe, of farre more coſt;
Sith rather with the Truth I ſhould haue beene,
Then working that, which but a type was ſeene.

The Sabaoth day (ſo ſtrict ſolemnized)
The ſtanding by his Corſe had not prophaind,
By which propheneſt things are ſanctifide,
And that made pure, which earſt was fouly ſtain'd,
Whoſe touch doth not defile the thing that's cleane,
But moſt defiled, maketh faire againe.

But vvhen I ſhould haue ſtaide, I went away,
And when it was too late I came againe,
In time of helpe (oh then) my helpe did ſtay,
Now I repent my folly (but in vaine)
My careleſſe heede, hath brought a heape of care,
And carefull I muſt ceaſleſſe teares prepare.

Ah let my hart into ſad ſighes diſſolue,
Let eyes conſume their floods in briniſh teares,
Let ſoule (cares captiue) in diſlikes reſolue
To languiſh ſtill; ſunck with diſpaire and feares,
Let all I haue endure deſerued paine,
That pennance due ſinnes loſſes may obtaine.

But ah my ſweeteſt *Ieſu*, (my deere hart)
Thou art not now, where thou wert but of late,
And yet (alas) I know not where thou art,
(Oh wretched caſe, oh lamentable ſtate)
Such hapleſſe ſtate, vnhappy I liue in,
To better it, I cannot yet begin.

Alas my ioy, my hope, my chiefe deſire,
How haſt thou left me wauering thus in doubt?
In mazed moodineſſe my thoughts to tyre,
Wandring in woe, and cannot find way out:
If I ſtay heere, I cannot find thee ſo,
To ſeeke els where, I know not where to goe.

To leaue the Tombe, is for to gaine vnreſt,
To ſtand ſtill helpleſſe is a cureleſſe ſore,
So all my comfort in this plot doth reſt,
Helpleſſe to ſtay, or going, hope no more.
And to this choice (poore ſoule) I am left free,
Which is to ſay, with what death I will die.

And

And yet (euen this) too happy a choice would be,
For me so vile, so base, vnhappy wretch,
For if to chuse my death it lay in me,
How soone should I that execution catch?
How willing would I be to stop liues breath
If I might poynt the manner of my death?

I would be nayled to the selfe same Crosse,
vvith those same nayles, and in the selfe same place,
vvhere bloody *Iewes* did butcher vp my losse,
His speare should wound my hart, his thornes my face,
His whips my body, I would tast all smart
To tread his steps in an imbrued hart.

But oh ambitious thoughts, gaze not so hie,
Vppon so sweet diuine felicitie,
Thinke not with such a glorious death to die,
vvhose life is prinie to such infamie.
Death I deseru'd, not one but many a death,
But not so sweet a meane to stop my breath.

So sweet a death, season'd with such deepe ioy,
The instruments vvhereof dead corps would raise,
And most impurest Soules from sinne destroy,
And make it pure to yeeld the pure due praise,
A scourge too much I may esteeme but small,
For my offences to be beate withall.

And therefore I am left more deaths to taſt,
Then I liue howers, and farre more woes to ſhunne,
Then I haue thoughts for my loſt loy to waſt,
VVhich are in number more then moathes in ſunne,
Vnhappy mee; VVhoſe weake eſtate muſt beare,
The violence of ſuch confuſed care.

But ſith I cannot as he died die,
Nor yet can liue, where he now lyeth dead,
To end my liuing death I heare will lye,
Faſt by his graue, and leane my wearie head
Vpon his *Tombe*, on whoſe moſt ſweete repoſe,
Ile leaue to liue, and death mine eyes ſhall cloſe.

Better it is after his bodies loſſe,
(His ſacred bodie, which all creatures ioyed)
To keepe his Sepulcher from further croſſe,
Then loſing one, to let both bee deſtroyed,
Though I haue loſt the *Saint* of cleereſt ſhine,
I will at leaſt haue care to keepe the ſhrine.

And to this ſhrine Ile ſacrifice my hart,
Though it bee ſpoyled of the ſoueraigne hoſt,
It ſhall the *Altar* bee, and ſacred part
VVhere I my teares will offer with the moſt,
My teares diſtilled from my harts deepe paine,
VVhich going out, my ſighes ſhall blow againe.

Heere in this place (oh happie place) Ile lead,
Yea lead, and end my wofull loathed life,
That at the leaſt my cold graue may be made
Neere to this *Tombe*, where I haue told my griefe,
Neere this ſtones couch my eyes their light ſhall loſe,
VVhich my Lord made the place of ſweete repoſe.

It may bee ſo this *Sindon* lying heere
Thus empty left, and ſeruing to no vſe,
This *Tombe* being open without any there,
May pearce ſome pittious hart for to peruſe
My naked bones: whoſe rights for to preferre,
This ſhroud may wrap, and this ſweete *Tombe* interre.

But oh too fortunate a lot to craue,
For her that is a wretch ſo vnfortunate,
No, no, I ſeeke not ſuch a bliſſe to haue,
Alas I dare not beg ſo good a State,
But yet if ſuch a ſinne may paſſe vnblam'd,
I would forgiue by whom it firſt was fram'd.

And if to wiſh no more preſumption were
In me aliue: then to permit it dead,
If I knew him that firſt ſhould paſſe me heere,
My teares ſhould wooe to haue my corps ſo layd,
And with my prayers I that man would hier,
To bleſſe me with this bliſſe which I deſire,

And though I dare not wish that any doe it,
Yet this without offence to all I say,
This *Sindon* hath my loue so tide vnto it
Aboue all cloaths, I loue to it will pay,
And this same *Tombe* my hart more deere doth deeme,
Then any princes Hearce of most esteeme.

Yea, and I thinke that Corse is fauor'd much,
That shall my Lord in this same *Tombe* succeede,
And for my part (as my resolue is such)
Vppon this plot to meete deaths fatall deede,
So doe I wish that in the readiest graue,
My breathlesse bones, their right of buriall haue.

But this is all, and I dare say no more,
My body I will leaue to what befalls,
And in this Paradice all ioy will store,
For my poore Soule (which flesh and bloud enthralls)
VVhich from this brittle case shall passe, euen then,
Into the glorious *Tombe* of God, and Man.

Mary Magdalens

Second Lamentation.

(*.*)

For the losse of the bodie, which shee came to annoint.

BVt stay my Muse, I feare my Maisters loue
(The only portion that my fortune left mee)
VVould languish in my brest, and childish proue,
Sith warm'th to cherish it, was quite bereft mee,
His words, his presence gone: which fed my flame,
And not the ashes left to rake the same.

My spice, and ointments shall be then prepar'd
To pay last tribute, of externall duty,
Though others haue thereto deuoutly car'd
And brought the best in worth, in worke, in beauty,
Yet such desire, my duty doth inherit
That I must yield my loue my latest merit.

My loue each quantitie too little deem'd,
Vnlesse that mine were added thereunto,
Best quantitie too meane, and not esteem'd,
Except with mine it somwhat haue to doe,
No dilligence enough for to applie
Vnlesse my seruice be imployed by.

Nor doe I thus sharpe censure others deeds,
But 'cause loue makes me couetous of doing,
Though *Iosephs* worke no reprehension needs,
Though to my wish his balme he was bestowing,
Yet all he did cannot my loue suffice
But I must Actor be to please mine eyes.

Such is the force of true affecting loue,
To be as eager in effects t'appeare,
As it is zealous feruently to moue
Affections firme, to what it holdeth deere:
This loue deuout sets my poore hart on fire,
To shew some deede of my most deepe desire.

And to imbalme his breathles corps I came,
As once afore I did annoynt his feete,
And to preserue the rellicks of the same,
The only remnaunt that my blis did meete,
To weepe afresh for him in depth of dole
That lately wept to him for mine owne soule.

But loe, alas I find the graue wide ope,
The body gone, the empty *Sindon* left,
The hollow *Tombe* I euery whete doe grope
To be assur'd of what I am sure bereft,
The labour of imbalming is preuented
But cause of endles weeping is augmented.

Hee wanting is vnto my obſequies,
That was not wanting to my ceaſleſſe teares,
I find a cauſe to moue my miſeries,
To eaſe my woe, no wiſht for ioy appeares,
Though thus I miſſe whom to annoynt I meant,
Yet haue I found a matter to lament.

I hauing ſetled all my ſole deſires
On Chriſt my loue, who all my loue poſſeſt,
In whoſe rare goodnes my affection fires,
VVhom to enioy, I other, ioyes ſuppreſt,
VVhoſe peereleſſe worth's vnmatch't of all that liue,
Being had (all ioyes) and loſt (all ſorrowes) giue.

The life of liues, thus murthering in his death,
Doth leaue behind him, laſting to endure,
A generall death to each thing hauing breath,
And his deceaſe our Nature hath made pure,
Yet am (poore I) of ornament bereſt,
And all the world without perfection left.

VVhat maruell then if my harts hot deſire,
And vehement loue to ſuch a louely Lord,
To ſee lifes wrack, with ſcalding ſighes aſpire,
And for his bodies loſſe, ſuch woe afford,
And feele like taſt of ſorrowe in his miſſe,
As in his preſence I enioyed bliſſe.

And

And though my teares diſtill'd from moiſted eyes,
Are rather oyle, then water to my flame,
More apt to nouriſh ſorrowe in ſuch wiſe,
Then to diminiſh, or abate the ſame.
Yet ſilly ſoule, I plung'd in depth of paine,
Doe yeild my ſelfe a captiue to complaine.

Moſt true it is that *Peter* came, and *Iohn*
VVith me vnto the *Tombe* to try report,
They came in haſt, and haſtily were gone,
They (hauing ſearcht) dare make no more reſort,
And what gaind I? two witneſſe of my loſſe,
Diſmaiers of my hope, cauſe of more croſſe.

Loue made them come, but loue was quickly quaild
VVith ſuch a feare, as call'd them ſoone away,
I (poore I) hoping in diſpaire aſſaild
VVithout all feare, perſeuering ſtill to ſtay,
Becauſe I thought no cauſe of feare was left,
Sith whom I fear'd, was from my ſight bereft.

For I (poore ſoule) haue loſt my Maiſter deere,
To whom my thoughts deuoutly were combind,
The totall of my loue, my cheefeſt cheere,
The height of hope, in whom my glory ſhind
My finall feare, and therefore him excepted,
No other hope, nor loue, nor loſſe reſpected.

VVorſe

VVorſe feare behind was death, which I deſired
And feared not (my ſoules life being gone)
VVithout which I no other life riquired,
And in which death had beene delight alone:
And thus (ah thus) I liue a dying life
Yet neither death, nor life can end my ſtriſe.

Yet now me thinks 'tis better die then liue
For hap'ly dying I my loue may find,
VVhom (while I liue) no hope at all can giue
And (he not had) to liue I haue no minde,
For nothing in my ſelfe but Chriſt I lou'd
And nothing ioyes (my *Ieſus* ſo remou'd.)

If any thing (aliue to keepe me) ſtriued
It is his image, cauſe it ſhould not die
VVith me, whoſe likenes loue in me contriued,
And treaſur'd vp in ſweeteſt memory,
From which my loue by no way can depart
Vnleſſe I rippe the center of my hart.

VVhich had beene done, but that I fear'd to burſt
The worthles Trunck, which my deere Lord incloſed,
In which the relliques of loſt ioy was truſt,
And all the remnant of my life impoſed,
Els griefe had chang'd my hart to bleeding teares
And fatall end had paſt from pitteous eares.

Yet pitteous I, in ſo imperfect ſort
Doe ſeeme to drawe my vndeſired breath,
That true I proue this often heard report,
Loue is more ſtrong, then life-deſtroying death.
For what more could pale Death in me haue done,
Then in my loue performed playne is ſhowne?

My wits diſtraught, and all my ſence amaz'd,
My thoughts let loſe, and fled I know not where,
Of vnderſtanding rob'd, I ſtand agaz'd,
Not able to conceit what I doe heare,
That in the end, finding I did not know,
And ſeeing, could not well diſcerne the ſhow.

I am not where I am, but with my loue,
And where he is (poore ſoule) I cannot tell,
Yet from his ſight, nothing my hart can moue,
I more in him, then in my life doe dwell:
And miſsing whom I looke for with ſad ſeeking,
Poore wo-worne-woman, at the *Tombe* ſtay weeping.

Mary Magdalens

third Lamentation.

(·.·)

In finding the Angels, and miſsing whom ſhee ſought.

BVt hope-beguiling fortune now to cheere
My long ſad ſpirits with a ſhade of ioy,
With Angels preſence doth preſent me heere,
Graunting a moments mirth to increaſe annoy,
For loſing him, though for him I find twaine,
To thinke on him, redoubleth ſtill my paine.

Yet for a time I will reuiue my Soule
With this good hap, which may my hopes exceede,
Comfort (ſweet comfort) ſhall my cares controule,
Reliefe may hatch, where griefe did lately breed,
I ſeeke for one, and now haue found out twaine,
A body dead, yet two aliue againe.

My wofull weeping all was for a Man,
And now my teares haue *Angels* bright obtayn'd,
I will ſuppreſſe my ſight-ſwolne ſadnes than,
And glad my hart with this good fortune gaynd,
Theſe heauen-attendants to a parly'nvite me,
Ile heare what they will ſay, it may delight me.

For

For I assure my selfe, if that the Corse,
By fraude, or mallice had remoued beene,
The lynnen had not found so much remorse,
But had beene carried too, away with him.
Nor could the *Angels* looke so cheerfully,
But of some happier chaunce to warrant me.

And for to free me from all feares (euen now)
They thus encounter: these their speeches were,
And this they spake; *VVoman why weepest thou?*
As if they bad mee vveeping to forbeare,
For ill it fits a mortall eye should weepe,
VVhere heauenly *Angels* such reioycing keepe.

Ere while (they said) thou cam'st with manly courage,
Arming thy feete through greatest thornes to runne,
Thy body to endure all Tyrants rage,
Thy soule no violent tortures for to shunne,
And art thou now so much a woman made,
Thou canst not bid thine eyes from teares be staid.

If that thou had'st a true Disciples name,
So many certaine proofes would thee perswade,
But incredulitie so blots the same,
Thou of that title art vnworthy made;
And therefore woman (too much woman now)
Tell vs (oh woman) *wherefore weepest thou?*

If there were any corſe heere lying by,
We then would thinke for it, thou ſhedſt thy teares,
That ſorrovv for the dead enforſt thee cry,
But now this place, a place of ioy appeares,
Thou find'ſt no dead but liuing to be heere,
Oh then why weepeſt thou with mournfull cheere?

VVhat, is our preſence ſo diſcomfortable
That ſeeing vs thou art enfor'ſt to vweepe?
Think'ſt thou if teares were ſo auaileable
That we our ſelues from flowing ſtreames could keepe?
Or is thy kindnes in this courſe extended,
That we with teares ſhould thus be entertained?

If they be teares of loue to ſhew good will,
As loue is knowne, ſo let them be ſuppreſſed,
If teares of vvrath, denouncing anger ſtill,
To ſhed them heere, thou ſhould'ſt not haue addreſſed:
Here where all anger lately buried was,
But none deſeru'd, ah none deſeru'd (alas)

If they be teares of ſorrow, (dead mens duties)
(The dead reuiued) they are ſpent in vaine,
If teares of ioy, diſtilled from the booties
Of happy fortune, (flowers of ioyfull gaine)
It better were that fewer had beene ſpent,
And fitter tokens might expreſſe content.

An *Angels* ſemblance viſible poſſeſſe
The will inuiſible of his dread Lord,
VVhoſe ſhapes are ſhadowed after the intents
And drift of him that rules him by his word,
They brandiſh ſwords when God begins to frowne,
They ſheath in ſcabberts when his wrath is downe.

VVhen he would fight, they armed come to field,
VVhen he would terrifie, their formes affright,
VVhen he would comfort, they their countenance yield
To ſmiling lookes, and ſignes of ſweet delight,
Mirth in their eyes, and mildneſſe in their words,
All fauour, grace, and comlines affords.

VVhy weep'ſt thou *Mary* then when we reioyce?
Thinke not our Nature can degenerate,
Or faile in dutie (which we hold ſo choice)
Ours is no changing, or ſin-working ſtate,
Dooſt thou more loue, or more his ſecrets know,
Then we that at his *Throne* our ſeruice ſhow,

Oh deeme not *Mary*, deeme not then amiſſe,
Againſt ſo plaine apparant euidence,
At our requeſt forbeare, and leaue of this,
Leaue weeping *Mary*, and with teares diſpence;
Exchange thy ſorrow for our offered ioy,
Accept ſweet comfort, and forget annoy.

No, no, you Saints of glory euer shining,
Perswade not me, to harbor ioyfull glee,
But thinke to whom my sorrow is inclyning,
And beare with my poore loue-bound misery,
Alas, I weepe for this one onely losse,
For whom all ioy doth but inferre new crosse.

For while he liu'd, I made my paradice
In euery place, where I his presence found,
A speciall blisse was euery exercise,
Wherein I shew'd my seruice to him bound;
Each season wherein I enioy'd my King,
Did seeme to me a neuer dying spring.

Mary Magdalens
fourth Lamentation.

Marie bewailes the losse of that part, which Christ *promised her when hee said: Mary hath chosen the better part, which shall not be taken from her.*

IT comforts me to send forth driery plaints,
To fill the ayre with my vncessant cryes,
To volley forth a Sea of sad laments,
With liquid teares to moisten still my eyes,
Yet neither plaints, nor cryes, laments, nor teares
Can serue, can ease, can salue, can shew my feares.

For all enioyn'd to doe their best auaile,
To help the mourne of my griefe burthened soule,
Perswade me still it is my best to waile,
And spend the day in pitty-pleading dole,
Sith whom I chose, the comfort of my hart,
Is now bereft (oh care increasing smart.)

That I did chose the best, and precious part,
It is no doubt, sith Christ I onely chose,
My Lord the soueraigne of my zealous hart,
Whom to possesse I wish my life to lose,
But how I haue it, now I cannot say,
Sith he that was that part is tane away.

nT

Ah

Ah could I still haue kept him with me heere,
I would not thus haue loſt him from my ſight,
No, I would not haue parted from my deere,
If to my will I had enioyed might;
And might I now with teares his preſence buy,
Rather then loſe it, I all chaunce would try.

Sith then I nothing ſeeke, but what I choſe,
And loſſe of choice is all my combats cauſe,
Either vouchſafe this part I doe not loſe,
Or I ſee not how to auerre this clauſe,
Or how (poore wretch) I now may truly ſay,
I choſe beſt part, which is now tane away.

But happily his heauenly meaning was
That it ſhould not be taken from my hart,
Though from my eyes thou ſuffered ſt it to paſſe,
Thy inward preſence ſhould ſupply this part;
And yet I thinke, if thou within me were,
I ſhould thee feele, and (felt) not ſeeke thee heere.

Thou art too hote a fire to heat my breſt,
And not to burne me with thy ſcorching flame,
Thy glorious light would not leaue me to reſt
In this blind darkneſs, if I had the ſame;
For if thy glory in me inly ſhinde,
It would reioyce and cheere my dying mind.

In true loues harts each part is made an eye,
And euery thought prefixed for a looke,
Then I ſo ſweet an obiect ſoone ſhould ſpy
That mongſt ſo many eyes ſhould darknes brooke
So cleere a ſhine, ſo bright, ſo great a light,
Could not be hidden from a louers ſight.

No, no, if that I had thee (virgins boy)
My innocent hart (which neuer yet hath knowne
To counterfet an outſide of hid ioy)
Could not complaine, and make ſuch grieuous mone,
Nor ſhould my thoughts feed on a dead mans graue,
If they at home ſo ſweet a feaſt might haue.

My loue would not retaine a thought to ſpare
Nor haue an idle minute for to ſpend,
In any other action for to care,
But in the ſweet amplecting of my friend,
Ah nothing could withdraw my mind from this
To abridge leaſt part in me from ſuch a bliſſe.

My ſtaruing thrift for his loſt ſight is ſuch,
The ſea of my ſtill flowing ioyes againe
So able is to let me drinke as much
As may ſuffice to fill my longing paine, (drinke,
That though each part, whole tides of ioy ſhould
Yet all too few my greedy drought would thinke.

Yea doubtleſſe, had my Lord in me a ſeate,
I would not enuy at the fortunes ſweet
Of mightieſt Prince, or Empreſſe (ne're ſo great)
Yea, I would more (if ſo he thought me meete)
Reioyce in earth to be his *Tombe*, or ſhrine,
Then be in heauen a *Throne*, or Saints faire ſhine.

But peraduenture now 'tis with my mind
As earſt it was with his Apoſtles eyes,
Who on the Sea thought they a ghoſt did find
When there he walked in miraculous wiſe,
And I knowing more his bodies ſhape then might,
Take him but for a fancy in harts ſight.

But (oh ſad ſoule) it ſeemes too ſtrange that he,
He whom I ſeeke, and he for whom I weepe,
Should to my playnings thus eſtranged be,
And leaue me to theſe fits, which ſorrowes keepe,
If that in me a cauſe he did not ſee,
For which he will not yet be ſeene of mee.

For hence it comes that water waſted eyes
Commaund a freſh inceſſant ſhower of teares,
And driue my breſt which vnder burthen dryes,
Vnto a new made ſtorme of ſighes and feares,
And laſt my ſoule (oh ſoule with woe oppreſt)
Is made a priſoner to mine owne vnreſt.

My

My hart ſhall neuer ceaſe to tyre my tongue,
My tongue ſhall neuer reſt to tell my ſmart,
My ſmart ſhall cauſe me ſtill to waile my wrong,
My wrong (bereauing me of my beſt part)
So hart, ſo tongue, ſo ſmart ſhall all accord,
To ſigh, tell, ſhew, my griefes for my dead Lord.

I ſilly ſoule, ſith I my mirth haue loſt,
For my part will make much of harty ſorrow,
And ſith my ioy with ſuch deepe woe is croſt,
In bitter teares all comfort I will borrow,
Which I preſume I lawfully may ſheede,
Fetching my warrant from his lateſt deede.

Alas what neede had my ſweet Lord to weepe,
Vpon the Croſſe, but for our learnings ſake,
VVhich cannot ſure be ill for me, to keepe,
What he thought good to giue, 'tis good to take,
My weeping cannot preiudice my bliſſe,
A world of teares cannot bewaile my miſſe.

I ſtill will draw to my diſtreſſed mind,
All ſad conceits, all heauy penſiue muſing,
My hart to daily languors I will bind,
Where it may pine in withered cares perꝛuſing,
Taking no comfort for my woes redreſſe,
But in conſenting to be comfortleſſe,

Oh would to God I were as prime made
Vnto his blessed bodies sweet remoue,
To know where that pure vessell now is laide,
As he is witting of my faithfull loue,
Oh thou my Lord, and owner of my soule,
That knowes my hart, and can conceaue my dole.

If skies bright sunne to shew his beames did shame
When light of lights was darkned with disgrace,
If heauens their beauty did with lowring staine,
Suting their cullours to their Makers case,
If natures frame did melting shame to see
Natures faire *Author* vsd vnnaturally.

Why should not I (whose ouer-burth'ning smart
Hath equall cause to waile his heauie case)
Helpe in this sad consort to beare a part,
Especially sith in this little space,
His bodies losse hath Mourners number lessened,
And yet the cause of weeping is increased.

Mary Magdalens
fift Lamentation.

Maryes perſeuerance at the Tombe, and the appearing of Chriſt in the likenes of a Gardiner.

OH my deere Lord, thy griefe the greateſt was
That euer was in Man, or manly hart,
And my griefe is as great a griefe (alas)
As euer came to Woman for her part,
For out of thine my loue hath carued mee,
A part not ſmall, and yet too ſmall for thee.

Thy loſſe my torment hath redoubelled,
And all ſad ſoules pay me what they did borrow,
I beare the griefe, which them too much hath troubled,
Yea, I am made *vicegerent* of all ſorrow,
Sorrow, ah ſorrow, thou oh *Tombe* with me,
And thaw to teares you ſtones that hardeſt be.

The time is come (now is the very time)
That leaue is had, and licence for to cry,
To tell the *Phariſees* their ſinfull cryme,
Now for the Lord the breach of *Silence* try;
Who ſaid, if his diſciples held their peace,
The very ſtones would cry gainſt ſinnes increaſe.

Sith then their lippes be locked vp with feare,
And sadnes makes them mute, and not a word,
Oh cry you stones, and no exclaimes forbeare,
Cry out against the murtherers of my Lord,
The robbers of his sacred Corse bewray,
Bring them to light that stole my Lord away.

For sure it was some *Pharisees* fell spight,
Or bloody *Scribe* (not fated with the paine
His life hath felt) but blood their harts inuite,
To practise some worse crueltie againe,
And now to glut their blutish minds withall,
Haue stolne his Corse to vse vnnaturall.

Oh Rocks, and stones, if euer you must cry,
Now is high time to poure your lowde exclaimes,
Now let your clamors to the Welkin flye,
Sith light is darkned, dead the flame of flames,
The worlds great Monarch, foully massacred,
The life of liues outragiously misvsed.

Doth not his Tongue (whose truth infallible is)
Whose word omnipotent rules Sea, and winde,
VVhom creatures (most insensible) doe feele
With aw'd obedience, which his power doth bind,
Promise the whole world shall defend the lust
Against those senselesse soules, which false power trust?

And who more iuſt then hee of Iuſtice King?
Who then his barbarous Murtherers ſenceleſſe more?
Whoſe innocent blood could not a ſtaunching bring
Vnto their greedy thirſt ſlaughtered before,
Vnleſſe they to this impious act proceede,
To worke (his body dead) ſome helliſh deede?

VVhy doe not then all creatures them apply,
To be reuenged in a cauſe ſo iuſt,
Vpon the *Iewes* vnciuill *Tyrannie*,
Bereft of ſence, and blinded in miſtruſt,
Their harts made inhumaine, of reaſon barraine,
Voide of good feeling both to God, and Man?

But ſure it cannot be in humaine might,
To ſteale the body of my Lord away,
No bloody Theefe, nor any mortall wight
Had ſufferance to beare ſo wicked ſway,
It cannot be that any ſinfull ſoule,
VVould vndertake a deede of ſuch deepe dole.

No, no, he was no bootie for a Theefe,
Nor for a cruell *Phariſee* a pray,
Nor were the *Angels* ſlack to attend him chiefe,
As my *ſuſpition* doth preſume to ſay,
If this thing cannot change my mind from feare,
Yet looking on the cloaths my doubts may cleere.

Would any Theefe haue so religious beene
To steale the body, and the cloaths not take?
Would any Theefe so ventrous haue beene seene,
To stay so many feare-delaies to make?
As to vnshrowd the Corse, order the sheets,
And fold the Napkins with such seemly pleets?

I know that *Mirrhe* makes linnen cleaue as fast
As pitch, or glue well tempered, and made,
And could a thiefes stolne leisure so long last,
As to dissolue the *Mirrhe*, and bare the dead,
Breake vp the seales, open the *Tombe*, and all,
Where was the watch when these things did befall?

If all this cannot yet perswade my mind,
Yet might my owne experience make me see,
VVhen at the Crosse they stripped him vnkind;
I saw his garment would not parted bee
From goary backe: but tare his tender skin,
Much more if it with *Mirrhe* had nointed bin.

Ile looke into the sheete if there remaine
Any one parcell of his mangled flesh,
Or any haire plucke from his heads soft vaine,
If none, that shall my weary woe refresh,
Ile thinke a better chaunce betides my loue,
Then my misdeeming feare will let the proue.

A guilty conscience doubteth want of time,
And lewd attempt'rs still dispatch in haste,
Offenders doubt least light make knowne their crime,
And in nights sable weed commit their waste,
VVhich deed and horror acting fearfully,
And cannot marke when things well ordered bee.

But to vnwrap a body mangled so,
Out of *Mirrhe* cloathes and not the flesh to teare,
Leauing them thus so cleanly wipt in showe,
It is a thing most marueilous to heare,
And most impossible for man to doe,
Vnlesse he had light, helpe, and time thereto.

But oh the great effects of rarest loue,
If loue a languor bee, how then liue I?
If life, how doe I then such dead fits proue,
If it serueth sence, how did I see
The *Angels* then? if it deuine the same,
VVhy did I not know *Iesus* when he came?

And doe I in such zeale thus seeke for one,
VVhom when I haue found out I doe not know,
Or if I know him that of late was gone
Now hauing him; why doe I seeke him so?
Behold my Christ is come, he whom I sought
Doth talke with me, and I my selfe knew nought.

VVhy doe I not then wipe my dasked eyes,
Oh hath my Lord in this world liu'd so long?
Dide with such paine shed showres of blood with cries?
Labour'd so much? and suffered so much wrong?
And hath thereby no more preferment caught,
But for to be a silly Gardiner thought?

And hath my kindnes so much cost beflow'd,
Vppon the ointment which I did prepare,
Haue I in angu'sh pind and so long sorrow'd?
Shed all these teares, and had such heedlesse care,
And was all done for one, and one no better,
Then is a silly simple Gardiner?

Alas, and is a silly garden plot,
The best free hold that my loue can afford,
Is this the highest office he hath got,
To be a Gardiner now, that was my Lord?
He better might haue lik'd, and owned me,
Then with his death to haue bought so small a fee.

Mary

Mary Magdalens
sixt Lamentation.

Iesus sayd vnder her (*Mary*) she turning sayd vnto him (*Rabboni:*)

OH louing Lord thou only didst defere,
My consolation to increase it more,
That thy delightfull presence might preferre,
The better welcome being wisht so sore,
In that thy absence little hope had left,
Vnto my hart so long of blisse bereft.

It may be that I knew not former blisse,
Till' I a time was from the sweetnes weaned,
Nor what it was such treasures rich to misse,
VVhich in thy presence I of late attained,
Vntill my pouerty had made it cleere,
Of what inestimable rate they were.

But now thou shew'st me by a proofe most sweete,
That though I payd thee with my deerest loue,
VVith water of my teares to wash thy feete
VVith my best breath, which all desire could moue,
Yet small the price was that I did beflowe,
VVaying the worth, which now thou let'st me know.

I ſought thee dead, pinde in a ſtony gaile,
But find thee liuing, and at liberty,
Shrinde in a ſhroud, thy viſage wan, and pale,
Left as the modell of all miſery,
But now inueſt in glorious robes I find thee,
And as the preſident of bliſſe I minde thee.

As all this while I ſought but could not find,
VVept without comfort, cald vnanſwerd too,
So now thy comming ſatisfies my minde,
Thy tryumphes pleaſe my teares, which long did wooe,
And all my ioyes are huſht with this one word,
(*Mary*) 'cauſe ſweetly ſpoken from my Lord.

For when I heard thee call in wonted ſort,
And with thy vſuall voyce my only name,
Iſſuing from that thy heauenly mouths report,
So ſtrange an alteration it did ſtame,
As if I had beene wholly made anew,
Being only nam'd by thee, whoſe voyce I knew.

VVhereas before my griefe benum'd me ſo,
My body ſeem'd the hearce of my dead hart,
My hart (ſoules coffin) kil'd with care and woe,
And my whole ſelfe did ſeeme in euery part,
A double funerall pretended plaine
Of thee, and of my ſelfe together ſlaine;

But

But now this one word hath my sence restored,
Lightened my minde, and quickened my hart,
And in my soule a living spirit powred,
Yea with sweete comfort strengthened every part,
For well this word, a spirit dead may raise,
VVhich only word, made heauen, world, and seas.

Mary I was, when sinne possest me whole,
Mary I am being now in state of grace,
Mary did worke the ill that damn'd her soule,
Mary did good in giuing euill place,
And now I showe both what I was, and am
This word alone displaies my ioy, and shame.

For by his vertues that did speake the same,
An *Epitome* of all his mercies sweete,
A *Repetition* of my miseries came,
And all good haps I did together meete,
VVhich so my sences rauished with ioy
I soone forgot my sorrowes, and annoy.

And thus my hart a troope of ioyes did leade;
Mustred in rancks to mutiny they fell,
Conspiring which might worthiest bee made,
VVith them my owne vnworthies doe rebell,
And long in doubtfull issue they contend,
Till view of highest blis the strife did end.

He was my sun, whose going downe did leaue
A dumpish night, with fearefull fancies fill'd,
And did each starre of glittering shines bereaue,
And all the world with misty horror hill'd.
And euery planet raigning erst so bright,
Were clouded to dismall signes in this darke night.

Yet now the clearenes of his louely face,
His words authority, which all obey,
This foggy darknes cleane away doth chace,
And brings a calme, and bright well tempted day,
And doth desperple clouds of Melancholy,
Awaks my sence, and cures mye Lethargy.

Rapt with his voyce, impatient of delay,
Out of his mouth his talke I gredily take,
And to this firft, and only word I say,
And with one other word, this answere make,
Robboni; then my ioy my speech did choke,
I would no more proceede, nor more heare spoke.

Loue would haue spoke, but feare conceild the cleare,
Hope framed words, but doubt their passage staies,
When I should speake I then stood in a pawse,
My sodaine ioy my inward thoughts quite slayes,
My voyce doth tremble, and my tongue doth falter,
My breath doth faile and all my senses alter.

Lastly, in liew of words issue my teares,
Deepe sighes instead of sentences are spent,
Their mothers want they fill with sobles and feares,
And from the hart halfe-vttered words they sent,
VVhich so in passions conflict disagree,
To sounds perceau'd they cannot sorted bee.

So fares the hart that's sick for sodaine ioy,
Attayning that for which it long did fire,
For euen as feare is loues still seruile boy,
And hope an Vsher vnto hot desire,
So loue is hard, a firme beliefe in gaining,
And credulous coniectures entertayning.

And though desire be apt for to admit,
Of wisht for comfort any smallest shade,
The hottes yet it burnes in hauing it,
The more it cares to haue it perfit made,
And while least hope is wanting, which is sought,
The best assurances auantage nought.

And euen as hope doth still the best presume,
Inuiting Ioy to welcome good successe,
So feare suspects true blisse can hardly come,
And calles vp sorrowe making it seeme lesse,
VVith greife bewailing the incertainty,
Of that which should be sole felicity.

And

And while as these doe mutuall, contend,
Feare sometimes sallesh into deepe dispaire,
Hope rising vp his fiery darts doth send,
Of wrath repining to the empty ayre,
Making a doubtfull skirmish dead they stand,
Till 'euidence of proofe the strife haue scand.

For though (poore I) so suddainly replyd,
Vpon the notice of his voyce well knowne,
Yet for because so rare a chaunce I spide,
His person chang'd, himselfe vnlookt for thowne,
The sight my thoughts into sedition drew,
Till they were purg'd from doubts by stricter view.

And then though speeches would haue issued faine,
And my poore hart to his hand duty sent,
Yet euery thought for vtterance taking paine,
VVhich first might be receau'd so hastily went,
That I was forst (indifferent Iudge to all)
To act by signes, and let my speeches fall.

And runing to the haunt of my delight
My cheifest blis, I strait fall at his feete,
And kindly offer in my Sauiours sight,
To bath them now with teares of ioy most sweete,
To sanctifie my lippes with kissing his
Once grieuous, but now glorious wounds of bliss.

To heare more words I lifted not to ſtay,
Beeing with the word it ſelfe now happy made,
But deem'd a greater bliſſe for to aſſay,
To haue at once my wiſhes full apaid:
In honouring, and kiſsing of his feete,
Then in the hearing of his ſpeech leſſe ſweet.

For euen as Loue in Nature coueteth
To be vnited, yea transformed whole,
Out of it ſelfe into the thing it loueth,
So what vnits, loue moſt affecteth ſole,
And ſtill preferreth leaſt coniunction euer
Before beſt ioyes, which diſtance ſeemes to ſeuer.

To ſee him therefore doth not me ſuffice,
To heare him doth not quiet whole my mind,
To ſpeake with him in ſo familiar wiſe,
Is not enough my looſe let ſoule to bind,
No nothing can my vehement loue appeaſe,
Leaſt by his touch my wo-worne hart I pleaſe.

Mary Magdalens *seauenth Lamentation.*

Her falling at Christes feete to kisse them: His forbidding her: saying: Doe not touch mee, *for I am not yet ascended to my Father.*

OH louing Lord, what miserie is this,
Beeing dead in sinne, I toucht thy mortall feet
That were to dye for me; Now may not kisse
Thy glorious feete, yet thou hast thought it meet
They should as well for my good now reuiue,
As for my good they died, beeing late aliue.

Thou didst admit me once to annoint thy head,
And am I now vnmeete thy feete to touch,
Thou wonted was for to commend the deed
Which now thou doost commaund me from as much;
Oh Lord, sieh I, and others shall them feele,
Why doost thou now forbid me so to kneele?

What meanest thou, good Lord, that thou restrainst
My hart of such a dutie so desired,
Sith thou mong'st all thy friends to me hast deign'd
The first sight of thy selfe (of all required)
With thy first words my eares sole happy be,
And may I not be blest with touching thee?

If

If teares haue won such fauour from mine eyes,
If longing earnes a recompence so sweet,
Why dooſt thou Lord my feeling hands deſpiſe,
And barre my mouth from kiſsing thy ſweet feet,
Sith lips (with plaints) and hands (with will to ſerue)
Doe ſeeme as great reward for to deſerue.

But notwithſtanding this thou dooſt preuent
My tender offer which I would effect?
Forbidding me to touch (as if thou meant)
I ſhould the difference of thy ſtate reſpect,
Being now a glorious, not a mortall body,
A life eternall, and not momentary.

For ſith the bodies immortalitie
The glory of the ſoule together knit,
Are both of them endowments heauenly
For ſuch as in ſweet *Paradice* doe ſit,
Rights of another world well maiſt thou deeme
This fauour then, nothing of ſmall eſteeme.

To ſee each ſtarre fall from his heauenly ſpheare,
The Sun forſake his ſeate, the heauens their light,
The earth his hold, not ſuch a wonder were,
As 'tys for me to come in viſible ſight.
Diſplaying to theſe worldly pilgrims heere
My brighteſt beames of heauen euer cleere.

Though to my Father I haue not ascended,
I shortlie shall, let thy demeanor then
Not by the place where I am be intended,
But by that place which is my due: And when
With reuerence thou farre of wonld'st fall,
I will consent that thou me handle shall.

If thou my former promises beleeue,
My present words may be a constant proofe,
Doe not thy eyes, and eares true witnes giue,
Must hands, and face most feele for harts behoofe,
If eyes and eares deceiued be by me,
As well may hands, and face deluded be.

Or if that true I be in any one,
Trust me in all, and in firme faith imbrace mee,
With worthier words thou shalt me touch anone,
For now 'tis needfull that a while I race thee
Out of the comfort of my outward sight,
That in thy hart I may lodge with delight.

For in this shape I shall not long be seene,
Beeing shortly to my Father to ascend,
But what thou feest not with externall eyen,
Thy inward hart shall feelingly perpend:
My inward parts in thy inward eare,
Will find sweet audience thy soule to cheere.

Yet if thou feare least I so suddaine part,
That if thou take not leaue now of my feete
With humble kisse; with teares fetcht from thy hart,
Thou neuer shalt so fit a season meete,
Licence that doubt; for all these loues of thine,
There will be found a more conuenient time.

But goe about what now more hast requires,
Runne to thy brethren, tell them what I say,
That I to satisfie their soules desires,
For them in *Galily* will goe, and stay,
And there before them shortlie will I bee,
Where they my sacred heau'nly face shall see.

And I preferring 'fore my wish his will,
Depart from him, euen like a hungry child
Puld from a teate, which store of Milke doth fill,
Or like a thirstie Hart, from brookes exild:
Sorry that I, by carrying ioyfull newes,
Should leaue my Lord, whom I did rather chuse.

Alas then (said I) cannot other be
Made happy but by my vnhappy crosse?
Cannot their gaine come in by none but me?
And not by me, but to my heauie losse?
Must dawning of their day my euening be,
And to inrich themselues must they rob me?

Alas goe seeke to better thee (deere hart)
And ease thy woe in some more happie brest,
Sith I vnworthy creature for my part
Am nothing freed from my late vnrest,
But in the tast of high felicitie,
The want whereof doth worke more miserie.

Thus led by dutie, and held backe by loue,
I paced forward, but my thoughts goe backe,
Readie eft-soones a sounding fit to proue,
But that firme faith supported me from wrack,
And towards the Tombe in breathing oft I turned,
As if that ayre with new refreshing burned.

Sometimes (poore soule) my selfe I doe forget,
Loue in a sweet distraction leading me,
Makes me imagin I my loue haue met,
And seemes as though his words were feeding me,
I dreame his feete are folded in mine armes,
And that his comfort my chill Spirit warmes.

But when my wits are all againe awaked,
And this a meere illusion is found,
My hart halfe dead, it wonted woe doth take,
And greater griefe my sick-soule doth confound;
That I (alas) the thing is selfe must misse,
Whose onely thought so much delightfull is.

And as I passed where my Lord hath beene,
Oh stones (said I) more happier farre then I:
Most wretched caitife, I alas haue seene
When vnto you my Lord did not denie
The touch of his for euer blessed feete,
Whereof my ill deserts make me vnmeet.

Alas, what crime haue I of late commit
That cancels me out of his good conceit?
Oh doth my Lord his wonted loue forget?
May I no more his former loue awaite?
Had I for terme of life his loue in lease,
And did my right expire in his decease?

Oh in his feete at first with teares I writ
My supplication for his mercy sweet,
With sobbes and sighes (poore soule) I pointed it;
My haire did choicely fold it being weete,
My lips impression humbly sealed the same,
With reuerent stampe, which fits my sick soule came.

They were the doores the entrance first did giue
Into his fauour, and by them I came
By kind acceptance in his hart to liue,
By them I did my humble homage frame
Vnto his head, while it did yet containe
In Mans Mirrhor of Gods brightnes plaine.

But

But now, alas, I must contented be
To beare a lower saile, and stoope to time
To take downe my desires, that soare so high
To meaner hopes, and leaue aloft to climbe;
Sith former fauours now are markes too high
Either to leuell at, or to come nigh.

But oh ambitious eyes for so weake sight,
Hee is too bright a sunne, your lookes are tyde,
And now are limitted to meaner light,
And rather like a Bat, then Eagle eyed,
You must your selues t'inferiour lookes submit,
For him to see, such substance is vnfit.

And greedie eyes, oh doe not gaze too much
Vpon the blaze of bright eternitie,
Least that your ioyfull eying fall out such,
You lose your selues sifting your Maiestie,
And beeing too too curious him to see,
You with his glory should oppressed bee.

No, no, sith I am from his feete reiected,
How can I thinke but that my want of faith
Is cause I am so slenderly respected,
And that his hast to yeeld me loue gain-saith;
Yea that I am from all possession throwne,
Of his kind fauour, which were erst mine owne.

Ye

Yet why ſhould I ſtoope to a feare ſo baſe?
When want of faith with ſinne was worſe agrieued,
He did vouchſafe to grant me of his grace,
And ſhall I now, cauſe faintly I beleiued,
Thinke that my Lord ſo rigorouſly will deale,
As to abridge me of this wiſhed weale?

Is the ſinceritie of my pure loue
(Wherein he hath no partener at all)
In no reſpect availeable to moue,
Or in account is it ſo light, and ſmall,
As that it may not hope ſome ſparke to find,
Of wonted mercy, and his grace ſo kind?

I will not wrong him with ſo vniuſt a thought
Sith his appearing doth improue the ſame;
His words o'rethrow what ſuch ſuſpition wrought,
His countenance doth tell I am too blame,
Why then ſhould I from ſuch a vaine ſurmiſe
Suck ſo much ſorrow in ſuch fooliſh wiſe?

Thus as I trauell'd in this iourney ſhort,
My fantacies long voyages did make,
And held my minde in ſuch a wauering ſort,
Hope could not win, nor feare could not forſake,
But t'wixt them both my viſion made me glad,
And griefe of my deniall made me ſad.

But as I was in this perplexed wise
Rising, and falling in vncertainty,
The other holy women I espie,
That first with me came to the graue to see,
To whom the *Angels* had made demonstration,
Of Christ my Lord, and Maisters Resurrection.

The Conclusion to Mary Magdalens Lamentations.

Iesus met them, saying, All haile: &c.

OH how profound are all thy Iudgements Lord,
How dost thou take my sorrowe to thy hart,
How doth thy eyes such bleeding drops afford,
To see my wounded loue, and grieuous smart,
That thy refusall late required is,
VVith such a graunt so free, and full of blisse.

Oh milde Phisition, how well didst thou know,
Thy corrasiue so sharpe did grieue my wound,
VVhich did by ignorance not errour growe,
Therefore no sooner felt, but helpe was found,
Thy lenitiue applide did ease my paine,
For though thou didst forbid, t'was no restraine.

And now to shew that thy denial late,
VVas but a check to my vnsetled faith,
And no reiecting of my faulte with hate,
Thou let'st me wash thy feete in my teare-bath,
I kisse them too, the seales of our redemption,
My soule renew'd with endlesse consolation.

Thus hast thou Lord full trimmed my teares,
Assur'd my hopes, contented my desires,
Repayd my loues, extirped quite my feares,
Perfected ioyes, with all that hart requires,
And made the period of expiring griefes
The preamble to euer fresh reliefes.

How mercifull a Father art thou Lord
To poore forsaken Orphans in distresse,
How soft a Iudge, that iudgement doth afford
With mildest grace to sinners comfortlesse?
How sure a friend vnto a sincere louer,
Whose pure, and faithfull loue doth alter neuer.

Tis true good Lord, thou leauest none that loue thee,
And such as trust in thee thou lou'st againe,
Yea, they shall find that liberall thou wilt bee
Aboue desert, and bountifull remaine
Beyond all hope: thy gifts bestow'd we see
Not by our merrits, but thine owne mercy.

Oh Christian Soule, take *Mary* for thy mirrhor,
And if thou wilt the like effects obtaine,
Then follow her in like affections feruour,
And so with her like mercy shalt thou gaine,
Learne sinfull Man, of this one sinfull woman,
That sinners may find Christ, which sin abandon.

That loue recouereth him, whom sin did lose;
That firme beliefe recalleth that againe,
Which fainting faith did quite forsake to chose,
That what nor force, nor fauour can afford,
Nor pollicie by mortall meanes bring in;
Continued teares of constant loue can win.

Learne thou of her for Christ no force to feare,
And out of Christ no comfort to desire,
With Christ his loue, all loue (though ne're so deere)
To ouer-rule, to quench fond fancies fire,
Rise early soule, in thy good motions morne,
Sleepe not in sloth, when dilligence may performe.

Sunne with Repentance to thy sinfull hart;
Which should the *Temple* vndefil'd haue been,
At through thy fault deserues no better part,
Then be the *Tombe* for Christ to bury in;
For wanting life to tast this heauenly bread,
He seem'd to thee as if he had been dead.

Remoue the lids that presse thee downe in sin,
The stone of former hardnes roule away,
Spoke to thy soule, if Christ be lodg'd therein:
And if thou finde that there he doe not stay,
Then weepe without; In other creatures mind him,
With had in all, if any thou maist find him.

Make faith thine eye, hope guide, and loue thy light,
Seeke him, not his: for himselfe, not his meeds,
If faith haue found him in a cloudy night,
Let hope seeke for him, when the day spring breeds,
If hope to see him haue thee luckly led,
Let loue seeke further in him to be fed.

To moue thee in a hot desire to finde,
His goods are pretious: and when he is found
(To seeke him still thy good desire to binde)
His treasures infinit doe still abound,
Seeke him alone, he is thy soules pure health
Seeke him, he is thy harts contented wealth.

Seeke him alone, and nothing els beside,
Though at the first not found, persist in teares,
Stand on the earth, suppressing sinne, and pride,
Preuent each vice, which in this world appeares,
Eschuing it, thou maist auoyd that fall
VVhich following it, thou canst not shun at all.

To looke the better in the Tombe, bow downe
Thy stubborne neck to beare humility,
And stooping from each proud, and lofty frowne,
VVith lowly looks obtaine sweete clemency,
An humble soule that scorns itselfe contempt,
Soone winnes the heauen, and hell doth best preuent.

If he vouchſafe thee with his glorious ſight,
Offering himſelfe vnto thy inward eyes,
Preſume not of thy ſelfe to know his light,
But as vnworthy ſtill: thy ſelfe deſpiſe,
Proſtrate thy ſelfe all lowly at his feete,
That he, to know him right, will make thee meete.

And being thus with dilligence prepared,
Going with ſpeede, ſtanding with hopes lift hie,
Humbling thy hart, thy haughty will impaired,
If thou with *Mary* none but Chriſt would ſee,
Himſelfe will to thy teares an anſweare giue,
And his owne words aſſure thee he doth liue.
That ſweetly hee vnto thee being ſhowne,
To others thou maiſt runne, and make him knowne.

FINIS.